

CHASED BY A TORNADO

A LOCOMOTIVE'S TERRIBLE RACE WITH A BLACK TERROR.

An Engineer's Experience With a "Twister"—The Fireman Knew What Was Behind Them and Shouted, "Make the Bend!"—The Engine Broke Her Record.

Henry Wetherell, an engineer on the Jersey Central railroad, told a reporter his experience with a tornado in Kansas and said that it fearfully turned a man's hair white his locks ought to be like snow. It happened this way: It was some time in July. The weather had been pretty hot, and it was just the sort of a day for breeding a tornado. I was working on a one horse railroad in southern Kansas. The superintendent wired me to fetch my engine a distance of about 20 miles to a place called Peterstown.

Well, I got up and water aboard as quickly as possible and started for Peterstown, taking it rather easily, because the truck wasn't in condition to stand fast running well. It was an hour out from my starting place, and I had gone 10 miles, perhaps, when I noticed some queer looking clouds on the western horizon.

The day was extremely sultry, and there was a curious sort of a glare over the landscape which made it look sort of feverish. I can't think of a better word for describing it. There was something unnatural about the appearance of everything. My fireman was a boy who had been brought up in this region, and he said that it looked like a tornado coming. He ought to have been a good judge of the symptoms because the whole of his family, together with all their property and live stock, had been wiped out by such a "twister" in the past.

By the time we had gone maybe eight or nine miles farther a dense bank of clouds had spread around toward the southwest. It was black as ink, but beneath it was a bluish streak of white. I had never seen anything that looked quite like it before.

It seemed as if something awful was going to happen. It was the boy who called my attention to the pointed cloud, and he said it was a tornado beginning.

"Then we'll run away from it, I guess," said I, pulling the throttle wide open. But the boy, he said nothing—only watched the clouds in the distance.

By this time the pointed cloud had got very much bigger, the lower end of it nearly touching the ground. It grew rapidly larger and larger and seemed to be approaching at a great rate of speed, while the rest of the view toward the west and southwest became blurred to the eye, so that nothing could be made out very clearly. I saw that it was a tornado that was coming, and no mistake, for the strange cloud, which had the shape of a gigantic egg, was distinctly outlined in its inky blackness against the general blur.

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The boy shouted loudly, "Make the bend!" "Do you think we are going to escape it?" "We are right in its track," he said, without looking at me.

You see, we were running in an air line over the prairie, directly northeast, and pursuing the very path in which the tornado was coming. Any other course, with the steam I had on, would have carried us out of the way.

The boy shouted loudly, "Make the bend!" "Do you think we are going to escape it?" "We are right in its track," he said, without looking at me.

It was the most frightful spectacle to look at that I can possibly be imagined. To me it seemed to be a monstrous giant, pursuing us with an evil intention to destroy. Now and then its blackness would be transformed into a dark green, and it was constantly lighted up by flashes, as if it were an immense balloon illuminated from within. It appeared to whirl around with inconceivable rapidity, and from it came a sound as if the prairie as of bellying, with a voice so awful that the rumbling of the locomotive was lost in it. Of the destruction it was accomplishing I could get no notion from my point of view. Fortunately there were some settlements in that part of the country, but as we passed two or three hamlets at full speed I could see the people running about trying to find some place of safety.

The boy staggered at my side—the rocking of the engine made it difficult to keep one's feet—and I yelled into my ear the words, "Make the bend!"

I knew what he meant on the instant. Less than 10 miles ahead of us was a bridge over a river, after crossing which the road turned abruptly southward. It was a freak railway anyhow, and its zigzags were intended to pass through as many supposed centers of future population as possible. The only long stretch of it in a straight line was just where we got caught by the tornado. If we could get to the bend ahead of the monster, we might be saved.

As you may well imagine, I had no opportunity to consider the plan calmly and in detail, but it struck me like a flash. It was a race for life sure enough. If that engine never did her 40 miles an hour before, I think she must have done that and more, too, then. With the great funnel cloud racing on behind us, steadily approaching, we tore over the rails.

Six miles passed as well as I could estimate, and the monster was only four miles behind. Three miles more and it lessened the distance by a mile at least. But we were near the river. A minute later and we were crossing the bridge. No time then to heed the warning that "trains must run slowly over this stream."

We flew around the curve and dashed southward, just in time to see the mighty balloon pass by with a roar and a roar, as if all the demons in the infernal regions were let loose. We could not make out anything very distinctly, the sky being darkened and the air filled with dust, but we knew that we were safe. A few minutes later the clouds rolled away, and everything was as quiet and peaceful as before the storm. We ran back to the bridge, but it wasn't there. It was clean gone. The road was so badly torn up, the track for considerable distances being twisted and broken to pieces, that the expense of repairing it would have been a fortune.

Eleven people lost their lives by that tornado, which afforded me an experience which I would not repeat for all the money in the world.—Washington Star.

Following Advice.

Annie's cousin visited her after she returned from her trip, and Annie never asked her anything about it. After the cousin had gone Annie's mother told her little daughter that that was very nice; that when a person had gone away and returned she should ask something about it, even if it were only "How did you enjoy yourself?"

Soon afterward Annie's father attended a funeral, and when he came home Annie was the first to greet him.

BRODIE IN SCULPTURE.

How They Played It Low Down on the Dead Game Sport.

Steve Brodie has been suffering most poignantly the penalties of fame. For over a week he has been tortured, and he proposes to have a release.

"They played it low down on me, see?" said Steve yesterday in an injured tone. "I'm no kicker, but I don't want to be played off a gilly. I'll tell you the truth of the whole snap. I was in an art gallery here figuring on a scheme to relieve de stringency in the money market, see, when a con dame come in and sez, sez she, as how dere wuz a lady in a hack as wanted to see me around de corner. I wuz a little leery of dat game, see, but me wife wuzn't around, an' I t'ort I w'd jist see wot de snap wuz for fun. Well, dere wuz er young lady dere in a cookey, see, an' say, she wuz a corker too. I giv her de salute of a Fifth Avenue mife, see, an' she sez, sez she, smiling like a watermelon, 'Dis is Mr. Brodie, I person?' 'Yee called de turn, mife,' I sez. 'Wot kin I do fur yer?'"

"Den she seized me wid a lot o' taffy, an' sez as how she wuz a sculptur er wuz gettin up a collection of the famous men of de wurld. She sez she wuz making skulls of Gladstone, Bismarck, de Emperor William, Cleveland an' er lot of odder big mugs, an' she wanted ter sculpt me wid de gang. I sez, sez I, 'Cerrity, mife, I'm agreeable ter enythin ter be perlit.' So I jumped inter de cookey an' brung her ter me house at 101 Elm street, where I knocked her down ter me wif, an' de wif sez, sez she, suspicious like, but I giv'er de straight, an' dey wuz frons right away. Den me wife wanted ter know if de dame 'ud giv' me as big a scalp as she would Grover, an' dat sez us all for nandins. Den de sculptur sez ter me, sez she, 'Take off yer close ter de waist.' Dat wuz purty raw, I t'ort, an' me wife looked 'z ef she wanted ter kick, but de sculptur sez, sez she, 'Dat's de proper caper, see?' an' I stripped right down ter de waist, 'z ef I wuz goin ter scrap."

"Den de sculptur made me lay down on de floor an' stretch out me arms like 'z ef I wuz goin to make my celebrated swim down de Hudson ag'in. She had er lot er stuff in er bag, and wile I wuz gettin in posish she nixed up er lot er mortar, same 'z ef she wuz er dago fixin up de chalk images of de 'posies an' saints. Den she stuck de stuff all over me body, leaving a little spigot hole fur me wind. Hully gee, but if wuz hot! But I didn't weaken. I'm er dead game sport. See? Well, I staid in dat mud soup for an hour an' er half. See? An' den dat sculptur talk me outen it. I wuz dat weak. De first t'ing I knowed after dat wuz er guy come in here a few days ago and sez, sez he, 'Steve, dey got yer bus' in Huber's museum.' An' I wuz de t'rat too. I's dere yet, an' it's er caraycub of me. Dere ain't no Gladstone nor no Bismarck nor no Grover wid me, an' I'm goin to make der museum guys pay fer de shame an' disgrace and condemnably dey's leaped upon me. Dat's wot de lawyer's complaint sez. Dat sculpt's gutter go. See?"—New York Advertiser.

A rare instance of wifely solicitude took place yesterday when the steamship Spree arrived at her pier. Among the members of Lode Fuller's company on board of her was Miss Mary Bruce, the serio-comic singer, who in private life is the wife of Barter Johns, the company orchestra leader. It had been arranged that Mr. Johns and his wife were both to come lither on the Spree.

At the last moment, however, when, in fact, the Johns were already at the rail way station, Manager Grau rushed up, thrust a ticket into Mr. Johns' hand and told him that he would have to sail on the Marjorie, as an extra passage on that steamship had been secured. There was no time for protestation. Before Johns could say a word the train moved out, leaving him without a wife or a change of linen.

The Majestic reached here first, and Johns, investing in a telescope camp stool and a package of sandwiches, awaited the Spree's arrival at the end of the steamship pier.

His wife was the first passenger to bounce down the gangway. In her hand she carried a clean collar. As she threw herself into her husband's arms she cried, "Take care of the steward to keep it in the icebox, so it wouldn't lose its starch. I used to lay awake nights, darling, thinking of you going about with that dirty collar."

When she saw that Johns' linen was quite immaculate, Miss Bruce looked surprised and crestfallen.

"Why, I had no idea, dear, that you could buy such a thing out health!"—New York Evening Sun.

How a Boston Man Saw a Sun Spot. A Boston man living out in the suburbs has discovered a fact that may interest a good many persons. What he found was that it is quite possible to see the larger spots that appear on the sun's surface with out glass or lens of any kind.

The shutters of the observer's house happened to be closed, and through a tiny hole near the top of them a beam of sunlight found its way to the floor. There is left an image, clear and round, tinged at the circumference with a fringe of blue and orange. The whole appearance of the beam as projected reminded the spectator of the image of the sun taken on paper through a telescope, and he got a sheet of white note paper in order to test his surmise. The result confirmed it. A beautiful round image of the sun fell on the paper, and near the center thereof could be seen a bluish spot, which moved about with the image when ever the paper was shifted. The bluish colored object was a veritable sun spot, and the observer watched it by the simple means described for several days until the revolution of the sun had carried it out of sight.—Boston Herald.

A Tablet to Jenny Lind's Memory. The question of a memorial to Jenny Lind in Westminster abbey has been agitated, and the admirers of the Swedish childmaiden were fearful that they would probably fail in their object. The point was made against her that there is no room in the Pantheon of England for a vocal artist—that place being consecrated to great geniuses. Finally permission having been given for a medallion to be set up in the abbey, somebody has sent out circulars begging for subscriptions to pay for the medallion, which will cost between 2400 and 2500 including the abbey fees. As the medallion must of necessity be small, the question is how much of the money goes severally to the artist, the artisan and the abbey.—London Letter.

How a German Liked Spiders. Bushmen and New Caledonians are said to enjoy spiders, and we have heard of a German—a scientific German of course—who spread them on his bread like butter. The taste is not a European one any more than a taste for caterpillars, cock chafers, ants and wireworms, all of which are eaten in different parts of the globe.—London Spectator.

Began Work at Once. Fond Mother—And so my little angel joined the Little Defenders today and will always be kind to dumb animals? Little Angel—Yee'm. Comin home I met a man wif a bag full of kittens at he was goin to drown, an he promised to bring them here for us to be kind to.—Good News.

Business In the Family. He (in Chicago).—So your name is Daisy? She—Yes. Papa named me after his famous brand of jams.—Life.

LID UP IN HIS CAR.

A STORY OF THE KENDALLVILLE ROBBERY FROM THE INSIDE.

An Express Messenger's Thrilling Tale. The Robbers Seemed to Be Pretty Good Fellows at Heart—How They Got Into the "Huglar Proof" Safe.

Express Messenger M. M. Weist, who was blown up by the train robbers near Kendallville, Ind., had just returned from a trip over the Lake Shore road, and very readily told of his thrilling experience in the famous robbery. He has lived in Buffalo about a year and has been an express messenger on the Lake Shore road for 12 years.

We were rolling along at a good lively rate. My assistant, D. B. Hamlin, and myself were alone in the car. It was about 1:30 in the morning. The lights were turned low, and most of the passengers back in the coaches and sleepers were asleep. Just as we were approaching the switch at Kessler the emergency brakes were suddenly applied with great force, and the train came to a quick stop. I opened the door of the car and looked ahead. I saw at once that the red switch light was turned on us, which caused the engineer to stop so suddenly. Before I had time to look a second time or shoot to the engineer "crack," "bang," sounded a pistol shot by the engine, and I knew what was the matter.

"They're after us," I said to Hamlin, and closed the door, and fastened it as quickly as possible. Then I went to the baggage car and took out a bag of currency and all the valuables I could get hold of and threw them over among the boxes and packages in the freight end of the car. That was the last I knew for some time. When I recovered consciousness, I was lying on the floor of the car, and two of the robbers were inside at work.

Immediately after stopping the train they had placed a dynamite bomb on outside sill of the car door, and the explosion, the great concussion, is what made me unconscious. When I came to, as I said, two of them were inside and had the lamps lighted. The chimney had been broken by the shock, and as the car was full of smoke you can imagine that it was something like a nightmare to rouse up from unconsciousness and see those two masked robbers in there through that dim, smoky light. The moment I stirred, one of them, the shorter one, covered me with a Winchester rifle. Hamlin was guarded in the same way. They had red handkerchiefs tied over their faces and their eyes and tucked down around their necks.

"We're here for business," said one of them as I staggered up to a half standing position. It was the tall one—the leader—who spoke.

"I see you are," said I.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"In the large safe, most of it," I replied.

"What I have is in the local safe," I replied.

"Well, I want it," he said. I threw the door open and told him to help himself.

"There is nothing in there to amount to anything but 'nigger' jewelry and valuable papers," I said as I opened the door.

"Well, I'll see, and—d quick too," he replied, and began to pull the things out of the safe.

I want to explain to you that there are two safes in an express car. One is the stationary safe, which has all the greatest valuables, and the local safe, in which we carry things of less value and small amounts of money. We always call all jewelry "nigger" jewelry. The stationary safe we never open. The dial is taken off the lock at one end of the route and not opened until it gets to the other end—that is, say, between Chicago and New York or between San Francisco and Chicago.

But to get back to the robbers. He pulled out two or three packages and after breaking them open and finding no money in them seemed to fly into a most furious rage. The jewelry he didn't want and threw it on the floor. In some of the packages there were some real money, but he didn't know where to look for it and so didn't find it. Then he turned to me, and with the most frightful oath that I ever heard asked me, "Where is the money?"

"In there," I said, turning to the stationary safe.

"Open it," he demanded.

"I can't," said I.

"Then you open it," he said, turning to Hamlin.

"I can't," said Hamlin, and then I explained to him that the dial was off and we had no way of opening it.

"Well, I'll open it d—d quick," he groaned and ordered some one outside the car to get him a pickaxe. At this point I asked him if I might pick up the freight bills that he had thrown about on the floor, and he gave me the privilege. I gathered them up, and we talked all the time. By that time he had got a sledge hammer and told his partner to order us to the rear of the car and allow us to make a barricade of the freight boxes. I did not know what this was for at first, but I soon saw. It was to protect us from the explosion when they blew open the safe. We made a little barricade, and the watcher got behind it with us, keeping us covered with a Winchester rifle all the time.

"Then the other man went to work at the safe. He struck it twice with the sledge and then, after stooping over and fussing about a minute, lighted a fuse and sprang back near where we were. Then came a discharge of dynamite which made us rush back again. He put four cartridges in the safe before he blew it open sufficiently to suit him. I know that he must have been an expert safe blower because I was sure that the safe was open, and he opened it. While he was working at it I said to him: 'You're making a pretty long job of this. If you don't get away pretty soon, there'll be a posse down here from Kendallville.'"

"Never mind," he replied; "when the posse comes we'll go," and he said it just as coolly as I do now.

After the safe was opened he took out the bags of money, and turning to his companion said, "Tom, come on." He got out of the car first, and then Tom backed out, keeping us covered with his Winchester all the time. They were at work in the car just 30 minutes, but we were delayed an hour and five minutes.—Buffalo News.

The Deadly Tinto River. The Tinto river in Spain possesses remarkable qualities. Its waters are yellow as the topaz, handle the sand and petrify it in a most surprising manner. If a stone falls into the river and rests upon another, they become both perfectly united and conglutinated in a year. No fish live in its stream.—New York Times.

Wedding Wigs. When a Greek bride's hair was not adequate to the demands of fashion, she asked out the daughters of madame wig-makers. Pericles once had a citizen of Athens arrested and fined for cutting off the tail of the statesman's horse to supply a marriage wig for the offender's daughter.—Exchange.

His Exhibit. "Hullo, Rogerson. How are you?" "First rate."

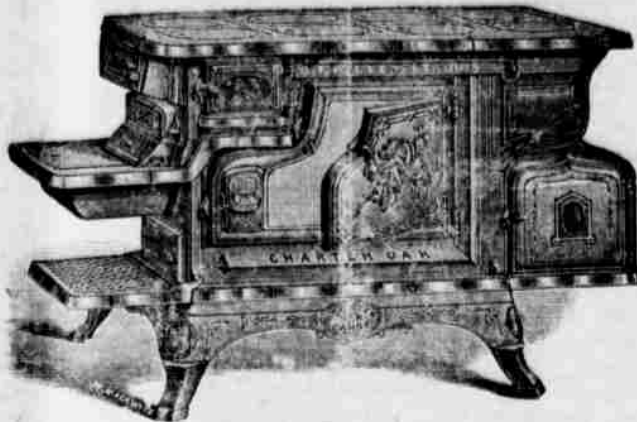
"Intend to have anything on exhibition at the horse show this year?"

"Yes. My wife and daughter."—Vogue.

Like Church Congregations. Little Boy—The preacher said there is no marryin in heaven.

Little Girl—Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men there to go round.—Good News.

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